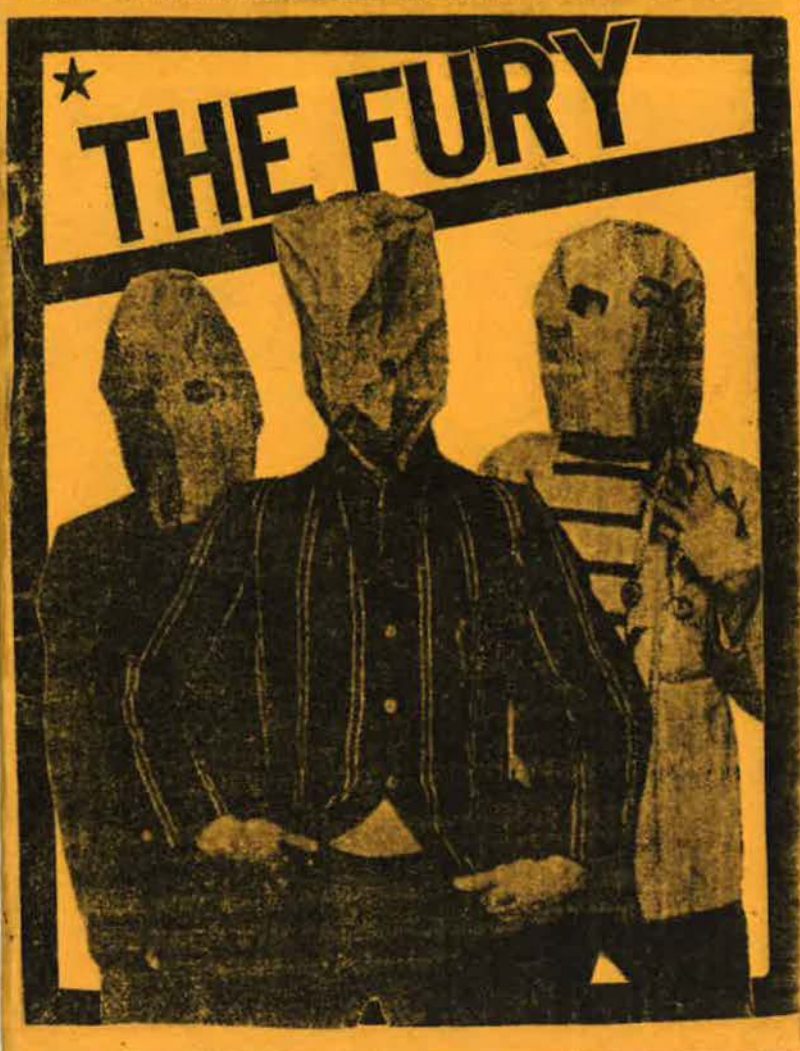

THE FURY

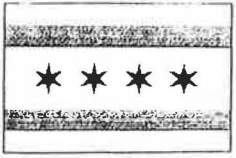
"The great secret is this:
the thought begins in the mouth.
I still consider myself charming"
-Tristan Tzara

The Fury

PASAPORTE

USA

State Approved Photograph



THIS IS NOT A SPEECH AS MUCH AS IT IS A DIALOGUE: YOUR INTERACTION IS MANDATORY

MARK NOVOTNY, 5413 SIXTH AVE. COUNTRYSIDE IL, 60525

OR

TheFuryZine(at)hotmail(dot)com

[redacted]

[redacted]

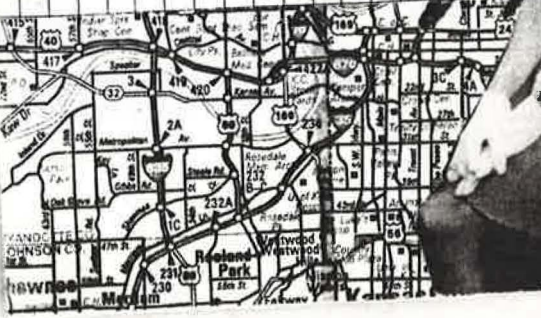
Date: 3/07

Write for advertising or distro

Available at: Reckless Records, Quimbys, Chicago Comics and Loop Distro.

Trades welcomed

WE THINK LIKE ROADRUNNERS



It had come down hard the night before, several inches worth and when I awoke, all I saw was covered in snow; all the ugly grey buildings and fast food marquees. It didn't look so bad. All the miscolored cracked cement, cigerette butts, disposable food packaging run over flat by cars, gumspots, old matchbooks, beer bottles, the whole industrial headache of it- replaced with a pure white, so hard to look at without your pupils aching of dialation.
It was all regressing at a fast pace as the sun sprung up, bright and warm that day. I was out doing my last minute errands. I was finally leaving, you see. I was driving down the tree lined side streets, the branches all white and peaceful. Even the clotheslines, half a fingernail thick, sat covered with it. My heart was heavy and my veins were tight as piano wire. I was a mess of sadness and escape. I had become a recluse. I didn't see anyone for 3 months. I stopped answering the phone, turned away all visitors. Once I had been walking at night and saw a friends car pass into a parking lot, praying they hadn't seen me. I was in fear of speaking to my own friends, having to explain my absence. I turned to slow nihilism and the ennui of marathon record listening that goes along with stalled lives.

I hadn't been feeling well for a long while.

***

The trudging onslaught of beaucracy will do us all in. I had applied to two grad schools down south for no other reason than I liked the weather. I figured on scholarships and grants. Don't mistake me for someone with grand educational ambitions, but I was set on the goal of free food and board with a creative writing major to give me some time to dabble on some stories with out plunging too deep into the academia which I had always loathed. I didn't know how long I would last. I guessed I'd flunk out or try to switch to a better school. All that mattered was that I'd be gone. It was during the week before classes started that I still hadn't heard back. My emails were answered with "Your application is still being processed" I had then made 3 and a half hours of phone calls. I listened to the minutes subtract on my calling card everytime I dialed. My voice traveling long distance only to be transfered to the wrong people, or the uncaring, or the just plain stupid, phoning the same person twice a day struggling to get a yes or no answer, killing myself just to get them to do their jobs. Finally, two weeks later I was accepted into non-graduate status and getting permission from all my professors to start class into the 3rd week, promising to catch up. I had no idea of how my tuiton was going to be paid or about housing, I just wanted gone.
Still, the beaucracy haunted me, driving around half mad, through the snow and streets and all that. I had to get my

car battery replaced since it kept dying. The radio nad stopped playing. I had my old battery on a warranty. My mother had bought it from Sam's Club. I went there to find out they no longer carried the brand. The guy at the store then tried to charge me the difference. It turned into this whole big thing. I didn't want to yell at the guy, but struggled to express the point of a warranty. "If I buy a stereo and it

[redacted]

breaks, it should be replaced. That's wnat the warranty is for The store replaces the stereo or the equivilant. if they don't have it. THey give you the closest they can"
"We don't have that battery anymore. This new one costs more"
I know. But I shouldn't be penalized because your company changed suppliers. I agreed to this warranty before that, to

[redacted]

buy this battery at this price"
He was just some poor, slob grease monkey staring at me with his hands tied
"Listen man, I don't mean to yell at you. I know it's not your fault. You're just doing your job"
I am, if nothing else, a man of the people. I had him get a manager who I felt better yelling at. But she just kept towing the company line; "I couldn't give it to you if I wanted to" That's the way beaucracy is set up, you can only talk to people who have no power to do anything. Policies are made by people who never have to answer to them or ever see their results up close. All your anger becomes corked up with no valid target. Beaucracy, look at what it did to the Russians.
Still I refused to pay the difference which was about $75 more on a $200 battery. Then some customer, who by anyone's measure was a total idiot, even chimed in with "Hey that's inflation. There's nothing you can do" taking the side of Sam's Club. I turned my steely glare on him. "The battery went up by $75 in two years. What? In 4 years, batteries are gonna cost $800?" That seemed to shut him up.
I was feeling like I was trapped in a "Curb Your Enthusiasm" episode by the time I had finally wore the cunts down. They weren't going to charge me when they concluded my warranty had actually expired and now could only recieve degrading credit.

I was able to pay $20 and use up a giftcard to cover the new balance.

***

I had been trying for a while, but kept fucking up. I don't mind it, really. I tend to greet failure with open arms. Nothing ever works as planned, but as long as I'm taken for a

[redacted]

ride and thrown around a little, I don't mind it so much. But I had been fucking up a lot lately, in major ways to boot. It wears you down something awful.

When you're pushed to that point, I can understand how people change so fast. It's a point where you become so involved in straining towards your goal, sacrificing other things in your life, trudging along, trying so hard that everything loses its relevance. Staring into the mirror for so long, you can't recognize yourself, repeating and repeating your name til it becomes an object removed, a conglomeration of foreign sounds. You can drop everything easily, the past, your friends, beliefs. It's frightening. It's frightening how little those things matter in a way. They are all stacked up to provide your present condition and you'll kick them out under your feet. As you hang your mouth mutters "I tried, I tried, I'm

[redacted]

tired"

It was with this mood that I left to drive to Mobile, Alabama. I had packed everything into the car, which I figured on living

[redacted]

in, for three months in case things didn't work out as planned. I still live with my mother and she worries... a lot. She was in tears telling me to be careful on the ride. It was very touching. We don't get along so well.

I was full of nervous blood as I drove away from my house, then my street, later out of my town and onto the highway. I was in 4th gear, on a full run when my speed was stolen from under me. I watched my dashboard flicker and the speedometer faint. I coasted on the momentuem, traveling with the same speed and no engine running. A smooth glide over to the next lane, again, to the shoulder. The gravel crunched as I came to zero mph.

It was dead. I'll spare you the details, but it was another

several hours and a hassle til the tow truck came. The insurance company managed to screw me out of half the towing bill. Another beaucracy that promised to pay it all. I slept in my own bed that night. I had a busted alternator and, now, two working batteries.

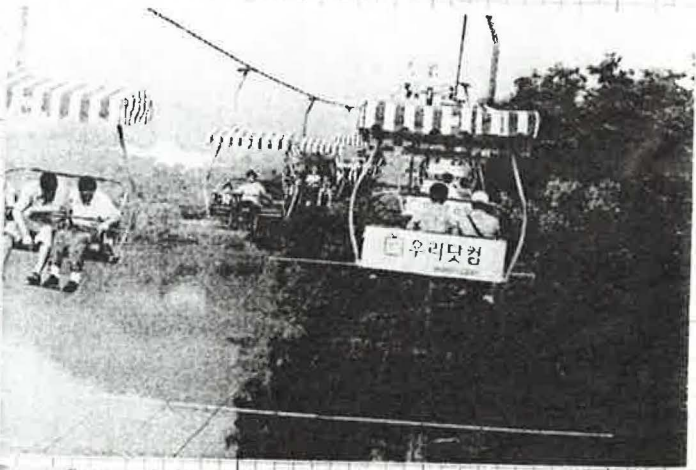
I had been feeling the failure of a million different letdowns. It was the bland uneasiness of being halfway through listening to a new record, trying too hard to find a way to find a way to like it, bargaining with yourself. It was an uneasy disappointment of a once proud parent of a beautiful child who causes strangers to comment "You can tell that kid's going places"- who, once grown, turns out to be a rather ugly ordinary stuck with the burden of living out the rest of their lives. It was a pleading of a joke gone on too long, a punchline that never comes. It was an ill fitting pair of pants. It was a wrong color. It was a wednesday for a friday. It was an unreadable xerox. It was a stroke at an aniversary party.

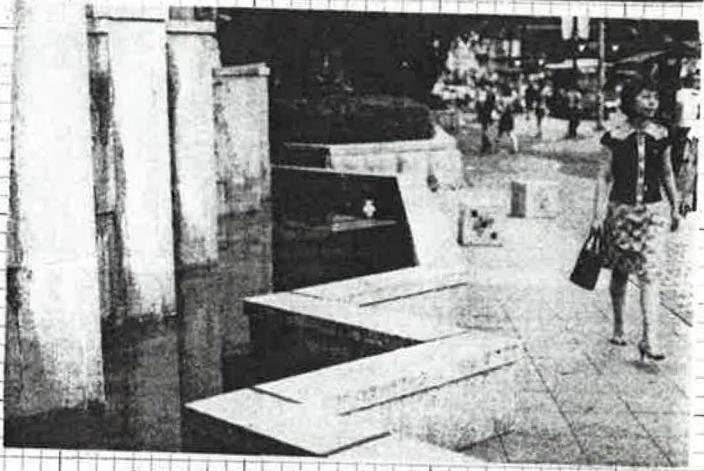
All these small blackouts finding common ground like a dead passion in me, the horizon of knowing what comes next, having seen it all before.

I still tried- moving to Indiana, to southern Illinois, to Baltimore, but messed it up. None of it was half assed. I was trying as hard as I knew how, but even the simpliest tasks rose up around me like great walls. But I finally did get away. Friends, it was wonderful. I spent half a year in the country of S. Korea

One day, I found a guitar in the street. And while taking it home, I was sitting on a bench, waiting for the train, and playing the rusty strings with a coin. Later when I would play a chord, my new friends, Marcel and Julie cringed "That doesn't sound right" It was badly out of tune, but I didn't care it sounded fine to me. There in the subway, playing my broken songs, my disjointed melodies. It wasn't pretty, but they were honest.

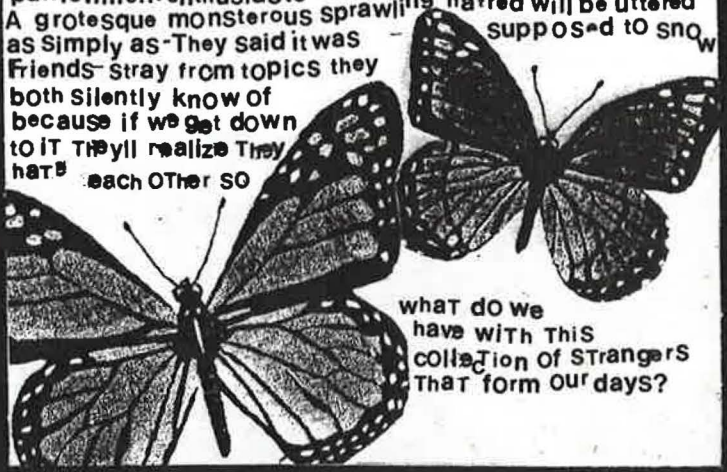
I'm doing much better now, left to my wanderings and language barriers and sitting outside on my balconey playing guitar to the sunshine. A bit cheesy, I know, but don't we owe it to ourselves to be as ridiculous as we want.





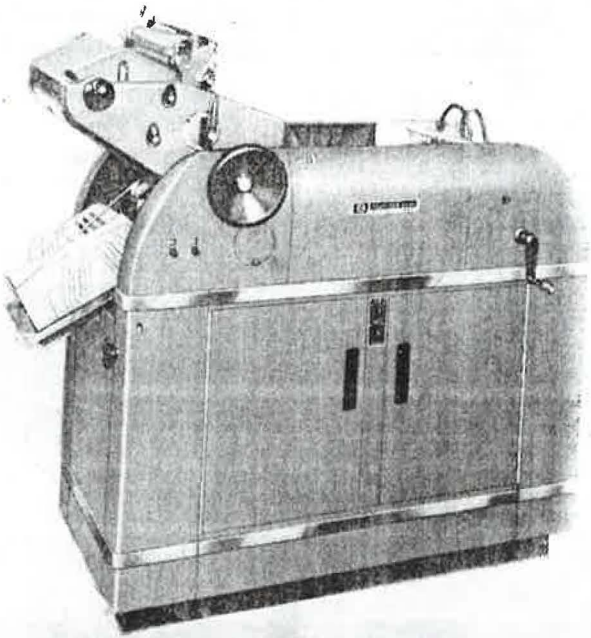
SOUTH OF N.KOREA

The smiles of the people on the street those short friendships that make our days
the ones with convience store clerks
cashiers
bus drivers
receptionists
those small mouths that make our day And in some way tie us into this brotherhood of man A thread running through all humanity
the longer it goes the closer it comes to them telling you Jesus is the only true way or maybe a joke they heard bout Mexicans Keep the talk going about weather about sports about families current events politics religion race death
and those bagboys and drycleaners will turn into the most vile batch of wife beaters racists corporal punishment enthusiasts
A grotesque monsterous sprawling hatred will be uttered as simply as They said it was supposed to snow
Friends stray from topics they both silently know of because if we get down to it They'll realize They hate each other so



what do we have with this collection of strangers That form our days?

Regarding the ditto machine



When the communication community becomes streamlined by the onslaught of technological progress, it threatens its intrinsic value. The meaning of the medium carries with it a series of pros and cons. In the context of an average punk band, the amplification and energy delivered in the vocal presentation coupled with the limitations of form(the song, lasting 1-2 minutes) allow for an ephemeral, physical transcendence, but do not allow for a prolonged discussion of issues. Bands, dubbed as "political", are given to succinct "sloganeering" despite intentions otherwise.
Since the advent of punk, the fanzine had the responsibility of adjoining the sound with an apt context, grounding it with perspective, but also adding dimensions; a role in the past fulfilled by music magazines(which neglected to attribute attention, or more likely wholly understand this new abrasive music). The modern counterpart to this dialogue between spectator and specter is visa vi electronic posting. The main difference is physicality and also speed(not neccessarily a positive attribute as the criers of neo-manifest destiny would peer pressure you into believing)in addition to a heightened allowance for dialogue among all common peoples. Which, even the most stout proponents of people power, must concede threatens dialogue with reaching a lowest common denominator effect.
Nothing of value can be discussed on a message board, the comments become convoluted as they splinter off into a spider's web of side conversations as well as inane pleas for attention. The entire arena of wordsmithing finds itself a contest of pose! (within a spectrum of improper grammar and limited vocabulary) The speaker inevitably attempts to please all the people involved and the persuasion of their point is heisted by the fact that its relevency is held in the same regard as its ability to be entertaining, humorful as well as "sassy" The latter often overshadowing the former leads to degradation. This is saddled with the immasculation of speaking into the black hole of the internet.
Because of its inherit disposableness and pace, it's as if one never bothered speaking at all. With a breakdown of the "audience" empowering itself and playing a role in the nucleus of performer/responder, more importance is

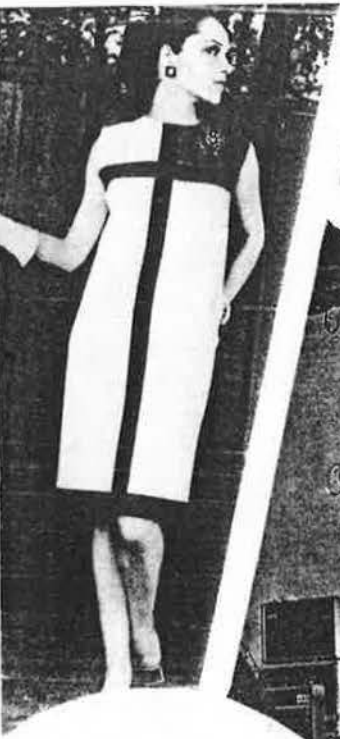
placed on the bandmember. If you don't have a guitar, your voice will go unheard. As in the mid part of the 20th century, as social outlets such as bowling leagues and sewing bees became displaced by solitary technology, the effect being channels of democracy losing their potency to the television, the newspaper, what "experts" had to say. Those in charge now had more command of what was believed to be the "truth" The correlation being the hype from advertisements and the punk magazines(Punk Planet, MRR) now control what bands(and our music) mean. As far as these larger magazines go, MRR attempts to be democratic, but is confined to their structure, whose end result is boredom, apathy, and scenester hierarchy.
AND WHAT OF SUBSTANCE? One must simply browse through an aformentioned periodical to read the propaganda promised by label advertisements, which mimic or supersede the marketing tactics of parent culture. Supersede by the using of integrity and honesty of the punk scene to speak peer to peer, which is actually a relationship of producer to consumer. With no reality based outlet for discussing the music, the kids will repeat this language til the spectacle replaces reality. This is unacceptable in a community that presents itself as an alternative.
BUT WHAT OF THE CURRENT UPSURGE IN COMIC ZINES? A recent trend which produces an excuse for poorly thought out products full of indulgence and self flattery. Producing poor content is as counterrevoluntionary as producing no content. Furthermore, the proposed self politics of making a zine as a political act holds validity, but should not be confused with substituting it as political content with the aim of uplifting your fellow comrades. An oversaturation of cutesy doodles and bourgeise attitudes must be stabbed through the heart to reveal its true self: passivity.
WHAT ACTION SHALL BE TAKEN? There is no one answer. A multitude of approaches is neccessary for while one arrow may be ineffective, another will find it's mark. There is no one face to a people's movement, but remember that substance and quality must always be held to the highest regard.

chaos PRINTING

CUSTOM PRINTER OF T SHIRTS, STICKERS, CDS, BUSINESS CARDS, PATCHES, ETC.

2421 W JEFFERSON ST / PHX, AZ 85009 / 602-330-7161

www.chaosprinting.com



princeton
nj

Princeton's not that hard a school to get into. Well not for those of us re-aligned to a life of jiggling doorknobs. I trekked a good 30 minutes around campus after I left the st student center at 3am, not to find a small, hid space to sleep for the night. I now stood outside a building of picturesque quality that one expects from the Ivy Leagues, centuries old with a plaque situated somewhere against the aged stone, exhoulting it's self dignity. The heavy wooden door opens easy and smooth without the expected slow creaking. The silence has a rather tense blandness and I do my best not to unsettle it. Relieved from the cold, there are 2 doors that face me now. Not knowing who may be occupying these silent corridors and with no way to explain my interlopping I gently ease the door's handle to the right. It does not give. I head left now, past the door reveals a staircase upwards. I tip my toes to an intermediary room. I prick my ears for sound of life. I hear something in the distance or,more accurately, the vague nothingness of a structure unknown. Coming from the foundation settling or a body's swift movement which tells no distance or placement relevant to mine.
Situated on the level as I was one locked door, 2 twin doors and another set of stairs paralel to those I had just come up.
I followed the stairs which led outside but on an opposite wall then my entrance. I returned up and on one side of the twin doors lay a darken room with large thick banquet tables and chairs which were all stacked over to one side, which seemed to be a place of forgotten storage(but later would find it a very active place of study) Under the table would allow a sleeping spot, but could leave itself open to the eyesight of passerbys. The other side offers a small theater lecture hall. I am careful to skit past the windows. They are tall with flowing black curtains obstructing some view. Moonlight shines into the dead seats. I check the projection booth but it is locked. A room futher down is shining with a bulb of 120 watts.
I back-track to outside the twin doors and pause. I review my options. Outside, there was some construction underway, past makeshift plywood doors one could see a cathedral of some sort being restored. This meant workers would be afoot early in the morning, perhaps. Feeling foolish for pausing out in the open. I went through the theater into the lit room. electrical supplies littered the floor. I climbed the homemade ladder to the square in the roof, squeezing my backpack through when I reached the top.
I was now in the attic. The roof's slanting down in both directions with a wooden plank cat walk across the ceiling, beams, and insulation. I edged across it to the heating system landing, which as far as I could tell lay right above

the projectionist's booth. I laid down and place my bag under my head. I put on my hat and scarf and stretched out, when my ears quit listening and my heart stopped it's thumping, I slept.

I was up around 7am that morning, I wiped my dust off as best I could from my back. I headed back to the student center which was just opening up. In the bathroom, I entered a stall. I hung up my coat and sweater, then laid my bag down. Inside of it I had packed a sleeping bag, several shirts, an extra pair of pants, some notebooks and reading material, underwear and socks, in addition to a small bag with a toothbrush, razor, soap and shampoo. In the past I had carried a small tupperware case to store food, in replacement I had some larger sized ziplock bags.

I carefully unloaded my bag, resting objects on top of things and themselves to keep them off the tile and away from view. I carried all my clothing rolled up and in rubber bands to minimize the space. With my shoes removed, I stepped on them, changed my pants, then my shirt. After I rolled up the clothes I had been wearing and placed everything back into the bag, placing the large objects first and filling in the empty spaces with smaller ones.

I took some paper towels and placed them in the stall, next I returned to the sink and wet my hair and headed to the stall hunched over, beads running down my neck. I sat down, added shampoo, and lathered. I swept the paper towels from the back to the front to take out some of the shampoo. I went back to the sink and wet the hair again as well as my face, chin, and neck. I toweled off my hair in the stall, then applied shaving lotion to my face and got out my razor, shaved, combed my hair and used some moistrizer to get rid of the razor burn on my neck. I brushed my teeth, and with wet towels dabbed my jacket to get rid of the dust stains left on it. Having been all cleaned up, I went to a quiet couch I knew on the 3rd floor, laid a novel and a notebook on my chest, put up my feet to take a nap hopefully mistaken as a student working far too hard, given in to exhaustion.

I had arrived in Princeton to read the Salinger manuscripts he had donated to the library there. They included 5 unpublished stories. I had, at this point, finished reading them. In preparation for a several day vagrancy, I had studied the campus map and scouted locations while strolling around. I isolated, along with the student center, other focal places: dining halls, assembly halls, computers offering the internet, as well as campus activities. That night I attended a movie screening with free soda and popcorn and as a result secured better sleeping arrangements. I had nodded off and was awake with the lights, rather embarrassed. I headed up to the top floor to an out of the way staircase to explore its

possiblities. Up one flight I discover a door that leads to a small hallway lined with radiator belts and oversized air filters and another door, locked, which I surmised contained the heating machinary. It seemed a more secure, if not warmer, sleeping area. I unfurled my sleeping bag, remove my shoes and socks and stuff them into the rucksack that had housed the sleeping bag, along with my jacket and sweater, they provide an adequate pillow. I change my shirt to one I sleep in. With this new location I am able to sleep for longer without being discovered.

I would spend a total of 4 days there before heading on the trolley to the main railroad station to return to Trenton, NJ where the transfer to the light rail will take one to Camden. The light rail's purchase is based on the honor system and the line runs approximately 30 miles to a town across the river from Philadelphia, where I was backtracking to grab a bus to DC.

The bridge to Philly was locked with a gate that closed the bridge to pedestrain traffic after a certain hour. It was rather high, but I found some proper foot holes and was able to hoist myself over. I walked past the baseball yard and the prision to the mile and a half cross the Delaware, but as I reached the opposite side, into the state of Pennsylvania, I found a police car waiting. Not specifically for me, though. It sat 40 yards off in an adjoined parking lot. It would be impossible for me to scale the fence unnoticed. I was not thrilled at the possiblity of explaining my actions with a bag full of my stuff, nor was their anyway of innocently occupying that bridge, a strenuous effort at trespass had been made. I retreated to a spot further up where I was out of sight. It had been raining and the ground still carried the dampness. I spread out an umbrella I had picked up the week before and sat down best I could. From my bag I retrieved a banana and ate it. I waited a few minutes more, checked my watch, walked a bit to see if the car was there, returned, ate a pear and some biscuits I'd picked up in the cafeteria and waited some more.

With this delay and my overestimation of how fast the trains would be, I realized that the depature times for the busses I was trying to sneak on had passed. I had been sitting there cursing out this cop for too long, I had run out of patience and was set to hop the fence, damn the consequences. But at the last second, I spotted an officer slowly meandering over to the patrol car, he paused inside, then pulled into a space which obstructed his view somewhat of the gate. Wheter another office was in the car or if it remained empty is unknown. I hucked myself over and across the fence top and then down a walkway under the road and then directly to the bus station. I had arrived much later than I expected. With luck I was able to use the "guest office" of the hotel that

schedules online I had missed the last bus by 5 minutes. I stayed in the station the whole night, waiting for any bus to head in the direction of south, but nothing showed. I slept intermittently sitting upright. While other Greyhound stations doggidly checked tickets to kick persons out, the rules here were lax. The security guard wasn't even a real cop.
When the time came, I was able to sneak on the first bus as the driver took a long break after loading the passengers onboard. I slunk deep down in my seat and headed towards the next town to continue again and again the same routine and same motions whose meaning would come, hopefully, at a later date.

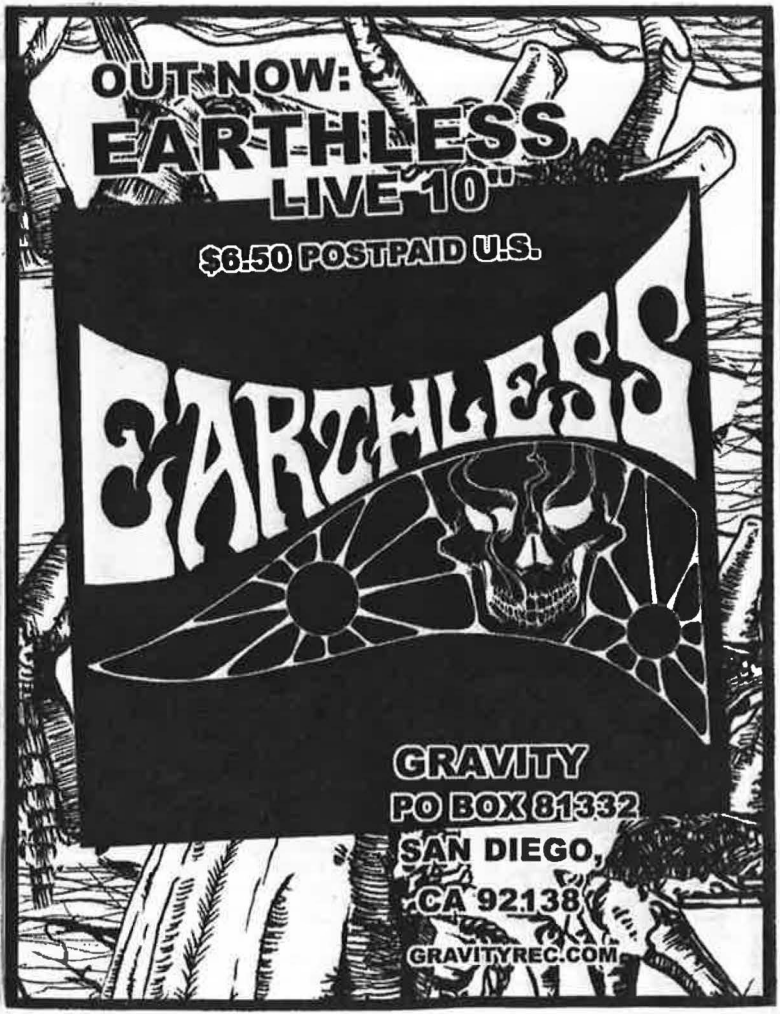
Still on my travels, I landed in DC and came across a college a few blocks from the bus station. I walked into the campus and with it a deserted feeling. It's this way with smaller

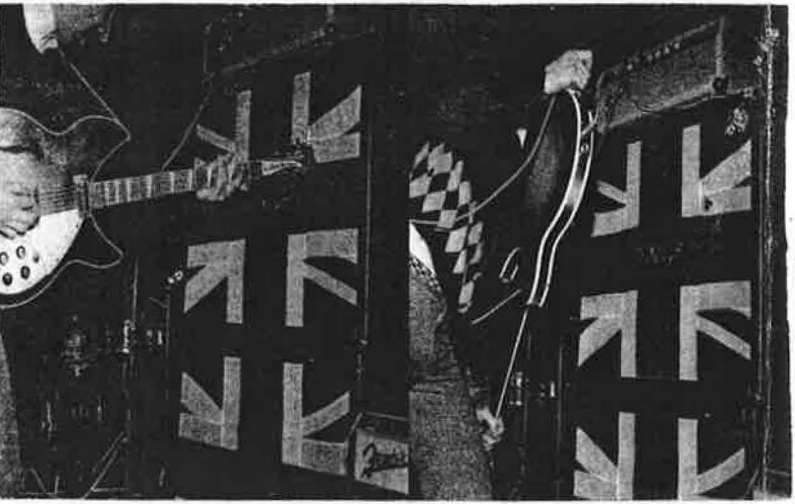
students mill about. It is deserted, quiet.
It takes me a while to catch on. But when I do, it's a perfect realization. Instantly I know, it's a college entirely for the deaf. I look for it, now so obvious. I'm intrigued when I watch groups signing to each other across courtyards or couples walking next to each other, turned somewhat inward to watch each others hands speak.
Later in the library, a sign reads "Please keep your voices and hands quiet" I am left to imagine how distracting gestures need to be to interupt others as well as realizing how no conversation in this way is private. To bad mouth someone requires you to have to literally do it behind their back or hidden from their sightline.
I use the library computers to look up maps and send emails. I wander around, drink from a waterfountain, sit on a bench. I, a perpetual interloper, feel out of place more than I ever have. As though my hearing is rude and everyone can tell. I listen for the silence now. Every now and again I'll hear that unenunciated moan come free from an unknowing throat, I wonder If I scream will any hear? Surely someone working there isn't deaf as well. But will people know where to point me out?
A girl signs something to me across the room. I'm outed as a hearer and give the universal signal of a shrug. Now I feel like I've gone toofar, invading their home base. I leave.
I continue to wander outside, cutting across the school through the absence of sound. There's a strange calm. A gentle sort of discomfort. I m in a world isolated by my ability.
I see some guys play catch on the street instead of the field next to them. Will they know where to shout directions to a lost ball? The distance not judged by how far sound will travel but how close you can see. Next I pass a scoreboard adjoined by a neatly trimmed football field. During games do people cheer? What does a mess of undisciplined voices sound like? Is it useless? Is a purpose served, or is it just a comforting visual of normalcy? And still, are there hecklers? One would assume a politeness prevails in such situations, but why is that?
The culture of deafness and all it's situations now befuddle me as I go further. Past dorms: What about sex? Would you walk the dorm halls and hear the rhythm of bed springs? Would it matter? Then what about the unrestrained moans as 2 deaf kids humped? There surely must be some pleasure of releasing those muscles even if an aural result isn't registered.
Later on, while walking the streets of the alphabet in DC, I came to another school. I snuck into a storage room a couple of blocks from the whitehouse, to sleep on some chairs. I was laying there in my sleeping bag, thinking about all the things I had seen that day at the deaf school and what it meant, feeling a desire to be part of it somehow.

The Lengths We Go

I WAS HAUNT-
ING A TRAIN YARD ONCE WHEN I
CAME ACROSS SOME GRAFFITO IT
WAS THE OLD GREASE MARKER KIND
A QUICK SKETCH LIKE A COWBOY HAT
OR A MARTINI GLASS DONE BY BRAKEMEN
AS THEY WORKED SENDING OUT MES-
SAGES ON FREIGHTS BARRELING
ALONG THE TRACKS DESTINED FOR ALL
THE OTHER LONELY BLUE COLLERED
TOWNS FURTHER ON DOWN THE LINE
IT READ-JILL IN OHIO I ONLY HAVE
EYES FOR YOU AND I KNOW HOW HE
MUST HAVE FELT HEARTBROKEN AND
RESTLESS WITH NOT MUCH TO DO BUT
WRITE IT OVER AND OVER ON HUND-
REDS OF CARS HOPING THAT JUST ONE
WILL FIND ITS WAY CLACKING PAST
HIS SWEETHEARTS EYES THAT FEEL-

ING THAT MYOPIC DESPERATION THATS SWELLING UP SO MUCH THAT YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT REAL-SAY IT ALOUD-EVEN IF ITS JUST A NAME SAID IN AN EMPTY ROOM UNHEARD OVER SOME SAD RECORD *BY THE WAY I SAY YOUR NAME I ALWAYS KNOW AND BY THE WAY I ALWAYS SAY YOUR NAME* SO WRITE YOUR CRUSHES DOWN AND TOSS EM IN AN ENVELOPE OUT. TO PEOPLE YOU DONT KNOW ILL WRITE YOU BACK EVEN-IF NOT JUST TO SAY. THAT SOMETHING CAME OUT OF IT


OUT NOW:
EARTHLESS
LIVE 10"
$6.50 POSTPAID U.S.
EARTHLESS
GRAVITY
PO BOX 81332
SAN DIEGO,
CA 92138
GRAVITYREC.COM



DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK N ROLL RADIO? OR THE POLITCS OF NOSTALGIA

Dig this! Here in our second city, Chicago, hidden away on the last AM dial signal was a real rock n' roll station saddled with the moniker-Real OLdies 1690, not one of those top 40s like stations that would run "I'm a Believer" into the ground every hour on the hour. It emerged out of Berwyn(BERWYN?)and played songs rarely heard, not just the accepted antique songs worthy of living on. Nor did they slip down that slope of pushing for songs from the 70s to satisfy modernized nostalgia. 1690 had a loose cut off point of 1964, upon which listeners could enjoy Clyde McPHatter without fearing a James Taylor song preceeding it. The key is context-where a different experience is understood hearing the B side, an artist's whole output, or putting on a scratchy 45 with a handwritten number on it to signify what order

to play it at the party. Music is not created in a vaccum, it is a reactionary product. To erase context is to remove songs' true meanings. When presented as a lone product, it is as if it never really existed at all.
The relevancy had died, buried by the distressing void of nostalgia, the kind to accompany movie music(Pretty Woman), of commerical advertisements, given the classification of "oldies"-as a catch all for rock n' roll, doo wop, Soul, rockabilly, surf, the girl group sound- to allude to it's fanbase, aging and dying, to dullen the sharp point of youth music(and its universal appeal) tied together by speed, coolness, and the big beat: a brass bold sound that required a response of movement. Such a violent departure, parents and squares feared a genuine "Youth revolt"- now an accustomed notion, but at the time a real threat- one where the older generation found themselves outnumbered by their offspring(the byproduct of their own lustful exuberance) who now possessed a power forged by capital and free time. It was the 1st generation of teenagers, absolute beginers, modern youth who were not shipped off to wars or to work(the same difference)
The youth, the new thing, one that actively alienated itself from elderly culture. The old relics of authority appearing foolish and unattainable combing their bald spots into teenage hairstyles like the ducktail. They spoke in new tongues, with new looks, new lessons from new books.
Frank Sinatra, yesterday's favorite and general bag of shit remarks "The most brutal, ugly, degenerate, vicious form of expression it has been my displeasure to hear. It fosters almost totally negative and destructive reactions in young people. It smells phony and false. It is sung, played and written for the most part by cretinous goons"
The urgency was all around. When "Rock Around The CLock" played as the credits rolled in the motion picture "The Blackboard Jungle" kids got up out of their seats to dance. Rebellion is movement. Riots broke out at dances. Young girls turned to free hysterics seeing Elvis, a fellow youth. Such authentic excitement seems improbable now as the children are drugged with so called "rebellious" major label acts and it was a time before the rockers turned out to be upperclass starlets(The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, etc.)
While in the today, every boy has played the school play part of a "greaser" doning blue jeans and white under shirt oblivious to the fact their latter day counterparts were JD rabble rousers smashing windows down at the school yard and getting nice catholic girls pregnant. The soundtrack blaring out in perfect blasphemy went "A-wop-bop-a-loo-bop-a-good-goddamn!" Little Richard, the youth ambassador, who wore masscara and tore his shirt off his back, banged away on his piano songs of anal sex later to be covered up by slyables understood only by the better souls.
The original lyrics read:"Tutti Fruitti, Good Booty/If it don't

fit/Don't force it/You can crease it/Make it easy"
"Lest us not forget Rock was eaten up the same as everything in America-by Capitalism. The monster of parental responsibility reared many heads. One was a lot of talk discussing "bringing the white race to the level of the negro" Another censored gonna. Pressuring stations to drop the music or lose their license renewel. In a Tenessee case, a square sued his local station for switching formats from classical to Rock n' Roll and a judge mandated they revert back. Another head still had the FBI launch a 30 month investigation which amounted to federal agents sitting in a room listening to "Louie Louie" at various speeds based on parent's letters claiming obscenity. Another consisted of white washing, re-recording hits and pressuring stations to play the covers, so as to not even hear a black voice on the radio! Another expelled students from Harvard for attending a concert. But it was finally the corporations that stole it's thunder.
Like all true art it was not birthed in the corporate belly. Small labels were putting out the records at that point, but as the cash flowed in, the culture vultures flew in. They tried to round the edges. Songs came from full time writers in the Brill building, where"hitmakers"schemed up safe songs, which didn't dare mention going steady. They brought in the likes of Pat Boone, Bobby Rydell and a host of other Ivy League looking stooges to sing for the suits.
ASCAP, the monopolistic publishing company, tried to break down BMI, who was now a rising force only because ASCAP and racist major labels refused to touch rock in the first place. They tried many different approaches, but it was finally a payola scandal, which at the time was not illegal, that did them in. It was common practice for stations to be paid to play all sorts of music. But through some obscure laws they were able to use it only against Rock n' Roll.
And they finally got Alan Freed. Now Alan Freed was one hip dude, you should bow your head to his memory the next time you do the mashed potato or the watusi. He was a hugh ugly walking, talking "fuck you" to the squares, man. He was the first DJ to play this stuff when no one would touch it. When they wouldn't let him call it Rhythm and Blues cause it was too black, he started calling it Rock n' Roll, a euphemism for fucking to stick it to the man while laughing behind his back.
As the teen scene was starting to get cleaned up. Dick Clark was brought in to be the kids' DJ, as he started he knew nothing of the music and spent most of his career bending over. He was a phony and what's worse the old folks liked him: Freed was not a good looking guy, in fact he was a bit greasy lookin', but that son of a bitch had some beautiful integrity. He refused to play white covers, only the originals, and had his own Rock n' Roll TV show which, thank you very much, was canned when Frankie Lyman danced with a white girl. Now Clark didn't bat an eye when they told him Bandstand couldn't have any black singers.

Freed also took to throwing concerts. In Boston after one erupted into a riot. Boston tried to outlaw Rock concerts and required kids to have written consent from their parents to dance in public These balls set amidst the coldest of all wars were a visible event. The kids found common ground in the music of the oppressed Taking place at night, when the parents took their pills and set in for an early night, their children, let them never know quiet again, prayed to the electric guitar and its noise filled modernity. Not content to watch their fingers snap, the youth started

hail, hail Rock n' Roll deliver us from the days of old

to move! Now the unhip police in attendance, who confused by "The New Sound", who didn't even know the hips were made to shake, would not allow dancing at a Rock n' Roll show! So during the escalating riots, who but Freed should grab the mic and announce "The police don't want you to have fun"So he was slapped with inciting a riot, they threw in some century old anti-anarchy law about overthrowing the government and even some fraud for overselling seats(a blatant lie) but it was the payola, the payola was what got him. Dick Clark, also wrapped up in it, deeper than Freed even, cause Clark was a business man holding publishing rights to the songs he played-given as gifts to him, he testified. But it was Clark who walked out untouched with the SEnate Committee complimenting him as being an upright and clean cut young man.

But they got Freed. They got him for not playing ball. They got him for broadcasting BLACK music. They got him for depravity. They got him for not cleaning beneath his fingernails. And with the champ gone and the industry under its thumb. They kept churning out the corpse to the kids who didn't know and the pockets kept filling up and though the music changed, it was the song that remained the same. But there was a time when a Minneapolis station banned Elvis and the kids cared enough to make threatening phone calls. And a rock went through a store window with a note that read:"I am a teenager- You play Elvis or else we tear up this town"

1690 is no longer on the air.

Records & Stuff We Sell:

160. THE EVENS	'Get Evens"	Ⓑ
156. MAKE-UP		Ⓓ
155. THE AQUARIUM	self-titled EP	Ⓑ
154. FRENCH TOAST	'Ingleside Terrace'	Ⓑ
153. JOE LALLY	'There to Here'	Ⓑ
152. SOCCER TEAM	"Volunteered" Civility CD & Professionalism"	Ⓑ
151. CHANNELS	"Waiting For the Next End of the World" CD	Ⓑ
149. MEDICATIONS	"Your Favorite People CD All In Own Place"	Ⓑ
147. LUNGFISH	Feral Hymns	Ⓑ
125. 20th BOX SET	3 CD Set (134-page book, 51 songs (23 unreleased))	Ⓔ
70. FUGAZI	In on the Kill Taker CD Remastered	Ⓑ
27. MINOR THREAT		Ⓒ
14. DISCHORD 1981		Ⓑ

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S.$:

		U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
Ⓐ	7" /CD single	4.00	5.00	7.00
Ⓑ	LP /CD	10.00	11.00	14.00
Ⓒ	MaxiCD	12.00	13.00	15.00
Ⓓ	Video /DVD	18.00	20.00	23.00
Ⓔ	Box Set	25.00	29.00	35.00
Ⓕ	EP	6.00	9.00	11.00

ORDERS www.dischord.com (703) 351-7507 orders@dischord.com
We accept most credit cards and, of course, real money.
Stores: tel. + deal direct! direct@dischord.com or fax (703) 351-7982

Receive our CATALOG! please send one U.S. or 3 U.S. stamps or 4 IRC's

DISCHORD

For a color, but complete LIST of all records, send an 8 U.S. stamps or an IRC.

3819 BEECHER ST. N.W., WASH., D.C. 20007-1802

IT WILL GO

I have witnessed a scene, as a young man who came to Florida, not as young as I am now, but a bit younger and was greeted at a University with a donut and a red pin that read "I am Loved"- such an assumption for a stranger to make that did not know me. Offering me their cheap blanket love. It didn't mean anything, but I was happy for the food. It was an orchestrated effort. There included a preacher, not in the sense he was ordained by a church, though I suppose he could have been, but rather one professing to preach.

Circled around him were the young. IN a distance, telling of the atmosphere, they surrounded him. He spoke, projecting, as he told of the age old morality of the christain god He continued on bulldozing through his script, head-strong and vehement as those who shout boldy in public.
"Honor thy MOther and Father"
But something was askew with the accustomed scene. The voices of the circle asked "grey" questions in conversational, albeit loud voices. The dialogue did not try to challenge but brought up common sense; questions of what if the parents hit their kids, or molest them, or what if the parents are just plain wrong? I took a seat on a concrete slab. The preacher frittered around the question and spoke of his story of not obeying his parents, but then conceding and finding god. He behaved irresponsibly.
"what did you do, Tom?" asked the circle.
Some snickers and smiles broke out and even the preacher laughingly shook it off before returning to his soliloquy.
When I was younger still, at my college, one of Religion's servants would stand in the commons and speak boldly, sure of their voices, their great truths. But they would be all alone and the students diverted their paths and deafened their ears. Some handed out pocket bibles, whose thin pages were mockily used as rolling paper for marijuana.
For religion, the old ways, will go. It's sacred scriptures serve no purpose. While not outrightly overturned, there will be no great battle of good vs. evil. It will be forgotten, confined smaller and smaller til it will be blown away in the wind. No one will decry god, but as the young trample it underfoot, their strong bodies will glow and glisten with the dew of promiscuity, perspired with sin. They will never give up 5% of their income, or look to the vatican or trace their fingers along cryptic latin transcriptions.
THey will drunken themselves with spirits and fornicate throughout the night without restriction, giving into lust and overabundance and ingest illict substances.
For the old generation will remain without relevancy, a portrait hung on the wall that becomes so commonplace, no one notices if it's there anymore. This is the way with all things. Slowly, less and less every year. As is said foolishly with those who die: they will live on as we remember them. As when one person dies, it is not them who will disappear, but those they were carrying on with them. The question is what will become of them? Where will they go? The answer: nothingness.

THE WALK TO WORK

It took about 25 minutes to walk to work. I'd leave in the afternoon to the broken piano music of the beginners at the music school across the street. Somedays I'd feel like Charlie Chaplin, depending on what they played. I would finish up at night to leave at 9, when the city was still throbbing and alive. Out the door and past the amusement park and mall, sometimes through the long way route around the lake where you could sit and read and watch the joggers go past or the lovers laid out on the beaches. Later I'd find myself walking down a street named Olympic Row. It was the only street name I knew despite a half year of living. Lined with the traffic lay a series of statutes left over from the 88 Olympics. Past the high jumpers, the shot putters, and muscle men. I would hang a right at the Badminton player atop a golden shuttlecock, he was always caught in the awkward palm-down-upswing-motion of perhaps a lazy game saving play. The streets were lined with businesses on top of one another, neon lights, and ramshackle stands hawking their wares like backpacks or shoes laid onto a rug to micro-trucks with flat beds full of fruits announced over a recorded loudspeaker, waking the lazy North Americans rolling out of bed at 11 am. I'd pick up a watermelon or some rice snacks on my way back. There was even a stand where I'd get fresh bean curd.

Seoul was a raw city. It was modern but made no pretense. The walls were broken concrete, struggling and making do in the midst of an economic upturn. Disassociation with the tell tale signs of poverty; a sign that people do live here and sometimes it's going to get messy. Not like the stark, bleak look of empty parking lot and uniform brick walls that reflect back that, even though architecture is constantly alive, made and remade with each person's use, this landscape remains the same story: an empty space to be peered at by a listless child staring out car windows.

The streets maybe faded, but the sidewalks have a bounce to them. Walkways of recycled tires in green or red, so when your soles pound against them, they don't hit back as hard as the concrete. I like the action. A scooter hops onto the sidewalk and across an intersection. A taxi passes on the shoulder. To walk requires common sense. The streets were always full. Drunk businessmen holding hands, stumbling these streets. Kids wandering around alone. Two people on a bike with one standing on the seat a story high. Everyday I walk past the love motels with girls sitting outside, then up to the fork in a road, past the young upstarts dressed to the nodes passing out flyers, then up the market street and past my favorite pizza market.

I could go a week without seeing another white face, lost in my solitude and routine. But one day I hear an "Excuse Me"

The voice is that of a bad television show pip-squeak. I turn around to see it belongs to a fairly hefty Asian man. "Do you know if there's any nightclubs around here?"

I wonder if he learned English from a book on tape and has copied the narrator's voice, but the more he talks, it turns out to be a real foreigner.

"I don't think so" I answer to the nightclub question.

"Are you visiting?"

"No I live in this area"

"Are you new?"

"No. I've been here a year" I lie, doubling my time for no reason.

"It's just restaurants and karaoke"

"Yeah, pretty much. I've never seen a dance club around here"

"Do you know how much the girls are?"

"Oh, I don't really know"

"You've never tried it?"

"Uh…no"

There are certain awkward pauses, like asking for a date or someone refusing a bribe that sit very heavy. One of those is when a man inquires about hookers unsuccessfully, which leads the other to eventually mumble quickly "Alright, see ya"

THE ANARCHISTS

I lived with the anarchists for a little bit. They asked me to pay enough for rent. They said "We all chip in for food, if you want" But they ate rich pastries and the finest wheats.
.. ate plain rice.
And I had a little bit of money at that time, but before I didn't have any and soon, I figured, I wouldn't again either. Well, I stumbled upon a score that would have me fed for a month, but as it came to be, they ate my haul and bragged with big mouths about where it came from and how clever they were. First, it was the snacks, then the entrees, then the breads. I put the soups away where they wouldn't find them, but it was too late.
Most of it was gone.
And though they wouldn't say it, I knew they wanted me to pay for their food as well. Since it was bought collectively, my food was theirs and I should chip in.
Though I never ate any.
But, they told me, that counting it was petty. And by petty they meant bourgeise. So while they each had their high end electronics and personal gadgets that I couldn't afford or want to afford, they also had their policies. I suppose these policies have always squeezed the individual who hadn't agreed, the ones who ate the ends of breadloaves, who walked in the rain, who did the dishes.

a history of music

Every time I try to get together and play music with people it all falls apart. It's just doomed to fail. 7 different bands with 11 different people and they've all one royally to shit. Some were just a bunch of talk, others gathered steam for several months the ended abruptly, failing to be resurrected with a member change. These were functional people who managed to be in other bands. It seemed everyone was playing shows but me. Not just shows, but tours too, Europe even! The same people!
It got to being not funny anymore. DeKalb was no different. Eddy banged on the drums and Dickey played guitar. We had 2 songs finished and started working on the third when Sarah rushed down the stairs hollering "Jordan, Jeff, and Courtney are beating up a hippie outside the house!! "They all dropped their instruments and ran out with her. We missed everything, but what had happened was they were all skating in the street when some asshole in a jeep sped down the street way too fast, like all the other assholes always do. One of the yelled out "Slow down" and the guy was all "What did you say to me?" He got out of the car and his eyes were crazy. Jordan thought he was strung up on speed or some junk like that. He was trying to start a fight and I'm sure someone called some else a dick. The guy then got into this Notre Dame Mascot pose and they all put their dukes up like boxers from the 1920s. Jeff was like "What the fuck are you guys doing?" He picked up his skateboard and smashed the guy right behind the ear. The guy was trying to fight Jordan and Jeff at the same time while a line of cars behind them started honking. Courtney reached into the guy's car and tried to put it in drive. The cars kept honking and yelling. The dude got back into his car and sped away. It was over almost as quick as it started. An old man pulled up and told them they did the right thing. This other little kid who was on the street laughed at them and dubbed them "wusses" So it was clear that public opinion on the incident varied.
We never finished up that 3rd song and nothing ever took off with the band. The futherest it ever got was Bill coming down and telling us he was going to steal a riff. Sure enough, I later heard it in a Plan of Attack song.

REVIEWS

American Cheeseburger-CD
(385 South Peter St. Athens, GA 30601)
Hardcore Punk has become what folk music is, of the people. Songs would get passed down with musicians hearing the simple tunes and recreating them as their own; changing chords or the rhythms. The songs themselves traveled from person to person across the land. With Hardcore, it is not so much complete songs but rather riffs, rhythms and attitudes. But the style and its fulfillment, though not original, does achieve certain goals. The music is not what is important, but rather the playing of music. At a local level this should be encouraged. There are thousands of generic thrash bands across the country, loved and inspired by their friends. It yields itself to a larger idea, giving kids music to dance to, giving them a scene. What is the alternative? Waiting a year for an amazing band to come through town once a year? So although the guitars are sluggish, the lyrics have that vagueness that declare nothing but a sense of rebellion, there is a photo of the band on the lyric sheet with a homemade banner that declares "American Cheeseburger" surrounded by their friends and a barbeque grill.

Blowfly-Blowfly's Punk Rock Party
Alternative Tentacles
(PO Box 419092)
The cover boasts a sad assortment of idiots dressed up: like a bunch of old, ugly hags in "sexy" clothes, a fat loser in a stars and stripes top hat, who undoubtedly works with computers allowing him to masturbate 3 times a day and squeeze his back acne in the privacy of his house. In the middle is a pathetic old bag of skin filled with shit and bones, who doesn't even look as if he has the energy to stand up. This band is like ,GG Allin Lite. It gains its value by trying to shock and without that, it's just nothing. There's no other substance to it. Who are you trying to shock? 30 years ago punk bands did more with less. Great, you cover songs but changed the words around so they're about "fucking hos" The musician-ship is that of drunk 8th graders or an old rawhide—skinned hick in a tweety bird shirt in line at a Great America, passing the time.

Bloodhag
Hell Bent for Letters CD
Alternative Tentacles
Cookie Monster vocals over that sort of heavy Sabbath stuff with generic metal speedy parts, the kind all fat metal kids who wear nothing but band shirts love. The shtick here is that all the music is literary. All the songs bear authors name and are of them and their work. Most being sci fi/fantasy writers, subject matter not unfamiliar to metal, but I personally don't dig their picks. Like Edgar Allen (who I hate)which names several of his stories as well as alcoholism and a 13 year old child bride, but what of his strange death: found incoherent on the streets of Baltimore wearing pants not his own. I suppose it's a question of musical and literary tastes separated by the actual founding idea of the band. I find it amusing that they have chosen to do library tours. But what of Sartre who refused the Nobel

Prize? Or Graham Greene who would play Russian roulette by himself as a youth? Or Shel Silverstein, children's author who penned the song "A Boy Named Sue"?

Charm- Shilami 7"
625 Thrashcore
They sing in Japanese and while a translation lyric sheet would have been nice. The music is easily understandable from a language standpoint, but offensive teen-age noise is universal. It sounds familiar, but not generic. This music is not all black, it's got flashes of different colors, all dark tones like navy blues or burgundy. And they go by FAST! So much so that it sounds speed up. It's a marathon in a 50 yard dash, an hour in a minute, Charm plays like everyone else is in dog years. One side plays at 33 and the other at 45, due to different recordings with different drummers. It's got 10 songs plus a Corrosion of Conformity cover.

Fish Karma-The Theory of Intelligent Design CD
Alternative Tentacles
Half of these songs are about Jesus or God in some way. That in my mind makes it Christian Rock. I don't care if it is juvenile criticism of religion, you still are defined as much as what you hate as by what you love. Who is Fish Karma trying to shock with this blasphemy? Church mums? Rednecks? I can tell you they're not listening and the average person doesn't give a shit. Colored hair, tattoos, and leopard skin clothing holds no danger. We are at the point where Little League coaches walk around with terrible tattoos the equal of any dumb punk. Rednecks walk around praising metal as some "kick ass shit" So Fish Karma's brand of lame, tame sounds are as safe as car commercials. I can guarantee you they have never played a basement show in their lives. This is mid-tempo rock for democrats.

The Four Eyes-Sweet Sounds CD
Plan-it-X ($5)
I figured this for a goofy pop punk band, the likes of which filled high schools in the mid 90s but the sound is actually mixed more with a rock n' roll/garage rock sound. It's ok but I doubt the band members really consider this a serious band. The only reason I can see for someone to own this CD is that they are friends with someone in the band. Like anyone wants to hear songs about Robocop anyway.

Ghost Mice-Europe CD
Plan It X ($5)
This is a concept album with all the songs tying into a back pack trip that the two members of Ghost Mice took through Europe. The record has friends sometimes contributing to the Guitar/Violin base). Having read several zines with theme issues, it's obvious that the material runs thin and the ideas repeat themselves. Instead of a song standing on its own merit, it's forced into a theme. A whole album was a bad idea. A better presentation would have been a couple of songs and maybe a zine to accompany the project. At its worst, the songs fall into "we went here, we did this" in a lyrical run without regard

to melody. All the Ghost Mice stuff I've heard seems to need some more self editing, musically as well as lyrically. They seem to be always on the edge of something. On just a couple of songs in the past, like "The Good Life" "Austin to El Paso" and "The Devil and My Grandpa" they come through shining and it sounds superb. But with "Europe", I get a couple songs into it and then I'm just ready to give up the race. It doesn't pay off. For me, Ghost Mice have been a good band to enjoy live, but one who are hesitant to be appreciated on recordings.

I Object- Teaching Revenge CD
Alternative Tentacles/Blacknoise
It opens with a slow riff that invokes a metal tone. This is the sound of a tired band, or one that has taken its music for granted. The I Object that I enjoyed on demo tapes has petered out of ideas, too many songs too soon...for product. What once could have been skirted over now demands an expectation. What should have been a rad local band has been thrust into the national spotlight with all its demands. Gone is the slight youth crew influence and in its place are the tired riffs you've heard on past albums. After the opening, the song goes into a fast part that feels forced. There's a passion missing. Everything has slowed. When Barb sings flatly "Your rules... my life" It lacks conviction. It's a tired voice that isn't even convincing itself. The rest of the album just goes through the motions. It's a lesson that many bands never learn. This CD is a weaker version of what they've already accomplished. Nothing stands out, a complete blah. The lyrics deal with issues but in a sort of pedestrian way and include explanations like it was a bother to do so, not expanding on them. I Object was once a band with energy and potential that prided itself as an example of DIY but failed to do anything with that example.

Machine Gun Romantics-Everything So Far CD
625 Thrashcore
Nothing particular stands out about this band (except maybe the singer's stupid haircut) They try on different musical hats, but nothing too original or diverse. It's more like mood music, an attempt to be a faceless hardcore band to which they follow these guidelines: 1. Sound like various other 625 bands, overuse the fast grind parts, doling out one per song, then also add in melodic parts, plus secondary evil growl vocals. 2. Write lyrics that are bumper sticker clichés(drop Bush, not bombs) mixed with absurdist lyrics: "Ninjas come on, let's have some fun" 3. Repress your 7"s on a collection CD, thereby making them worthless 4.Add in movie samples 5. Use hip art 6.Wear black band tshirts exclusively, to show how down you are. 7.Must include a cover song before 1990 into live set 8. Annoy zine editors

Pyrite-Iron Soul Fight CD
(Pyrite312@hotmail.com)
This came with a letter addressed to the "Music Editor" that followed the same old bullshit of "leaving emo kids shaking, punkers with their jaws on the floor...and alterna-kids feeling hip for a second or two" and also acknowledges the sea of generic look a like bands, but claims theirs is the "real

deaf" Yeah, guess what? It isn't. It's soul-less bullshit. Nice pants anyway.

Ratos de Porao-Homem Inimigo Do Homem CD
Alternative Tentacles
Ratos de Porao is a Brazilian band that has been playing since '81. They sing in Portuguese and the translation page on their website doesn't work, so I'm at a loss and an inquiry. This is pretty ripper, though something tells me that you'd want to check the early stuff first. Metal seems to be more about sounding fast and creating mood through technical proficiency and musicianship while hardcore punk attempts the same but through emphasizing feeling. I'm more akin to the latter than the former, but this is has that 80s crossover feel like later DRI, COC, and maybe Hirax? This is the only metal worth a damn. It does not let up or slow down -none of those spooky slow parts or atmospheric intros. This is total immersion. If you can't get enough of the above bands, this is your fix.

Satori -Savor Every Moment CD
Asian Man Records
You know when all those 3rd wave ska bands realized their stuff was real cornball and then tried to go back to their roots. This is that. I couldn't even pawn this off to someone else to review.

SubHumans-New Dark Age Parade CD
Alternative Tentacles
This is the SubHumans from Canada, reunited once again. I refuse to see shows in big venues, the kind with barriers, and reunion shows. There is no way you can relate to how you were, the further in years you get, the more ridiculous it becomes. It's like the finally caught up with the early 90's with their Fat/Sub Pop sound and their ironic use of 1950s iconography of happy families and the like. This holds no relevance except to a bunch of old punks with 6th grade IQs who never wised up. The songs attack celebrity, tough guys, war, the government, religion, business-all the topics the chorus knows so well. I would agree with the politics but perhaps they shouldn't be playing instruments "They were really bad. It was like seeing your Dad's high school band reunite"-Sean Rafferty,upon seeing the Buzzcocks.
"How can we expect anyone to listen if we keep using the same voice. We need new noise. New art for the real people"-Refused

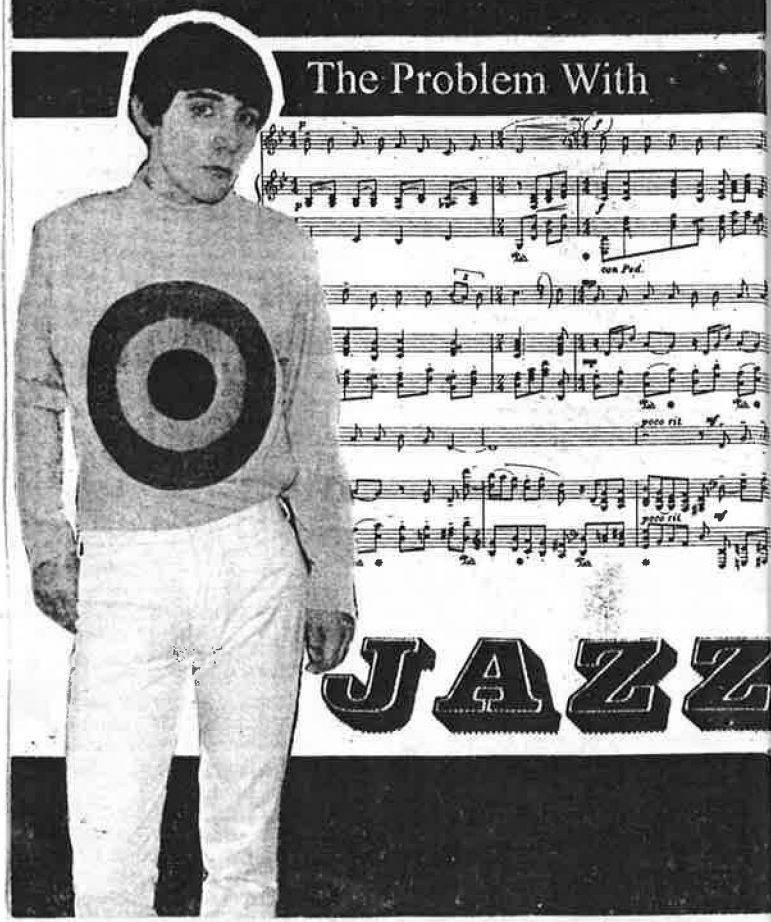
10 in the Swear Jar – Accordion Solo CD
Asian Man Records
Before his better known work in Xiu Xiu, Jaime Stewart was becoming himself in a project known as 10 in the Swear Jar (XITSJ). "Accordion Solo" is the 2005 re-release of many of XITSJ's late 90's recordings, including their first LP, My Very Private Map, as well as 2 EPs entitled Inside the Computer Are All of My Feelings, and Eat Death Orphans!, with a few live tracks tacked on. In XITSJ, Stewart began experimenting with an aggressively noisy palette of tonal and atonal sounds that he would later fine-tune in Xiu Xiu. Vocally, you can also hear Stewart inventing his to be successful formula of raw, painful melodramatic vocal bursts and an intensely personal and

site specific, proper noun ridden lyrical style. Many of these tracks were later recycled by Xiu Xiu, some were improved (Sad Pony Guerilla Girl) but others are better in their XITSJ form. I Love the Valley is probably XITSJ's best track, with captivating vocals jumping from whispers to a very effective piercing scream, a great accordion line, and a fist pumping catchy portamento bass line tacking it home. This track as well as Helsabot should have stayed with XITSJ, as their Xiu Xiu recordings sound weak in comparison. What I love about XITSJ is that Stewart hasn't fully dedicated himself to this formula yet. Everything has more of a sense of humor to it, and as a result, in some ways feels more compelling and honest than much of the later Xiu Xiu work. While Stewart's XITSJ synth sounds and compositions may not be quite as intense or original as their Xiu Xiu counterparts, the feeling of a discovery and exploration of a new sound is arguably more exciting. (Aaron With)

V/A- The Days Are Numbered So zine
Harlan Records
(7205 Geronimo, North Little Rock, AR
I picked this up mostly for the zine rather than the CD. The zine is all contributors. Al Burian is the most boring, bland writer in the world. I see his stuff everywhere, it' a real drag. Nate Powell, who put this together, has written several well drawn and excellent comics. He's got an anthology called "Tiny Giants" which is really tops. I was disappointed to find his contribution was a skimpy throw away piece. Erin Tobey's stuff was good as well as Meredith Gaydosh. These 2 were the only things that kept the project somewhat credible. The rest of the zine along with the terrible band layouts really fell flat on its face. It could have been tons better. Musicwise, Reactionary 3 and Nate Powell offer up standout tracks to a lake of shit.

Communique#15:various ramblings of boredom, death, romance, and delinquency,-outbursts of political discourse, recorded conversations of Underdog, Captured by Robots, Dead to Fall, and graffiti writer, VEHAN, as well as critical analysis on the film, AfroPunk, Kunstler's "Geography of Nowhere", and the Plan It X records festival(fullsized-$3)
Communique#13:a narrative following our young protagonist of crime, travel, and failed romance. So incinerary it bears no title!($1)
Communique#XK9:a talk with rock band, HeWhoCorrupts, unfurls with absurdist posteuring($1)
Communique#8: As the dadaists cry "Destruction as a form of creation" an issue of 22 stories of broken skateboards is presented($1)
Communique#7:Rock n' Rollers, The Honor System, expand on the politics of their lyrics & writings on the homeless situation.($1)
Communique#1:clumsy attempt at casual rebellion, ponderings while inside a jail cell, and an outdated report of the Zapatistas' happenings($1)

★-send $6 to the address in the front of the zine for the entire back catalogue, along with bonus materials.


The Problem With
JAZZ

LEAVING EARLY FROM ANOTHER SHOW AT SKUNK HELL, STEPPING BRISKLY, TRYING TO CATCH THE TRAIN ACROSS TOWN BEFORE THE SUBWAY CLOSES LEAVING THE OTHER PUNKS TO HANG OUT IN THE PARK DRINKING BEER AND MAKING BAD JOKES TIL IT STARTS UP AGAIN AT 6. I'M HOPING TO MAKE IT ALL THE WAY OR JUST AS FAR DOWN THE LINE AS POSSIBLE. ANOTHER RUSHED NIGHT.
ON THE SUBWAY RIDE, THE PRETTY GIRL I HAD BEEN GLANCING AT BETWEEN PARAGRAPHS SITS DOWN NEXT TO ME. SHE TAKES OFF HER SHAWL. I HOLD MY BOOK AND LOOK OVER SOMETIMES, BUT SHE DOESN'T PAY ANY MIND. SHE LEANS IN SLIGHTLY. I CAN TELL SHE NOTICES SHE'S DONE IT TOO MUCH. THEN SHIFTS AWAY.
BUT TOO FAR
AND THEN CLOSE
AGAIN.
I FEEL HOW SMOOTH HER BARE ARM IS. WE SIT LIKE THAT FOR A LONG WHILE. SHE DOESN'T LOOK UP. I WATCH THROUGH THE REFLECTION OF THE GLASS ACROSS THE AISLE. NEITHER ONE OF US KNOWING THE WORDS TO EACH OTHER'S LANGUAGE. IT'S THE LAST TRAIN FOR THE NIGHT. IT STOPS, THE LIGHTS SHUT OFF. I STILL HAVE 6 STOPS TO GO. EVERYONE SHUFFLES OUTSIDE. CABS ARE WAITING. THE DRIVER'S TRY TO FILL ALL THE SEATS UP. I WATCH HER ACROSS THE STREET, SHE GLANCES BACK AT ME FOR A WHILE. I GET INTO THE CAB, FREE JAZZ LIKE CRAZY ON THE RADIO. HER SKIRT FLAPS IN THE WIND AND GRABS A CAB IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. ALL THOSE NAKED SHOULDERS, THAT LOOK. WE SPEED DOWN THE STREETS, FOLLOWING UNDER THE TRAINS RAIL. THE JAZZ KEEPS BOPPING.
ALL THE SIGNS IN HANGUL FLY PAST. THE WORKMAN SAW A PIPE LAID ACROSS THE GUTTER
AND THE SPARKS FLY INTO TRAFFIC.
I WATCH AGAIN THROUGH THE REAR VIEW WINDOW AS WE PASS WE CHANGE LANES. THE CAB ECONO PACKED WITH 4 OTHER PEOPLE. NO ONE TALKS. WE TURN A CORNER AND COME TO A STOP WITH ALL THE OTHER TRAFFIC. THE MUSIC KNOWS TOO. EVERYTHING BRAKES, GOES STATIC. JUST A HORN WAILING ON TO NO TEMPO, LIKE TORTURE. THE PROBLEM WITH JAZZ IS THAT IT LOSES ALL MOMENTUEM.

NOTES

All writing/layout and Korean photos by me. For those interested in a timeline, "The Walk Home" and "The Problem with Jazz" take place in Seoul. I traveled around the east coast for a month afterwards where Princeton NJ" and "The Deaf School" take place. They are not supposed to be linear, though timewise they were, but rather meant to compliment each other.

"The Anarchists" is not about big A Anarchism, but small a. It's not a comment on political ideology. Anarchism has proven itself a functional lifestyle for thousands of years before the governments we know now. The point is yet another story of people not examining their ideals or not living up to them.

In "The Lengths We Go" the quote is taken from The Promise Ring song "Best Looking Boys"

"After the release of "God Save the Queen," we got beat up on the street. That's another reason I tended to hang around with large amounts of friends, particularly hooligan elements. They would stop that. It was physically impossible for me to walk around the streets on my own. I would be attacked. High visibility and all this daily nonsense in the newspapers. If I farted, it was an affront to society and I had to be chastised. You always get this in England—gangs of drunks roaming the streets who think that they're there to protect society. Lo and behold, that's what happened. Some of the attacks were quite severe. I was stabbed right near the studio, while we were recording the *Bollocks* album. This is before the record was even fucking released. The singles were out, but the album wasn't. We went to a pub around the corner—not far from the same old Arsenal area in Highbury where I was brought up. This bunch of bastards just tore into us with gurkha knives, blades, razors, the lot. I was with the producer Chris Thomas and Bill Price, the engineer. We managed to run into the car park and lock ourselves in Chris's car. This mob smashed the car and windscreen to shit while we were inside it. They broke one of the windows and stuck a blade in. I had on a pair of very thick leather trousers at the time. It went straight down them. If I'd had on anything less, it would have probably ripped my leg out. The blade stuck in my knee. I got a stiletto blade pushed straight into my hand, next to my thumb. It came out the other side by my little finger. That affected the tendons in my left hand. I'll never play guitar again because of that. Boo. Hiss. I can't close a proper left fist. That's a bit hard because I'm left-handed. I thought I was going to die. Pretty damned close to it. Yet the police didn't want to know.

"Look at the state of ya!"

Thanks very much. I'm not a fighter. I'll defend myself, but there's not a lot I can do against that kind of artillery. There was at least twelve of them. They taunted us.

"We love our queen."

That struck me as very odd. It was such a stupid thing to say. I'm sure they made her proud that night." -JOHN LYDON

ISSUE NO.

16

One Dollar